THE

CHARLESTON SPECTATOR,

AND

LADIES' LITERARY PORT FOLIO.

If we offend, it is with our good will.—
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with good will. SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. I.] CHARLESTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1806. [No. 20.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

My Dear Friend,

No doubt you have long ſince expreſſed your ſurpiſe at my negligence in writing, and have been framing excuſes for your friend, whoſe former punctuality, ſince his return to Carolina, evinced that the ſentiment of affection and eſteem which commenced in youth, and which was ſtrengthened whilſt abroad together, had not abated. I truſt you will readily pardon my apparent remiſſneſs, and aſcribe it entirely to the following cauſe, which I ſubmit in extenuation. Since the date of my laſt, I have been in purſuit of a fair object, which attracted my attention at a friend's houſe, where we met on a viſit. It was the firſt time I had ever beheld her; the beauty of her features and the ſymetry of her form—the elegance and ſimplicity of her attire, firſt won my attention and admiration; but upon a further acquaintance, I eaſily diſcovered that thoſe extrinſic charms were far inferior to the mildneſs of diſpoſition and refinement of mind which ſhe manifeſted, and a retreating modeſty which rendered her irreſiſtible. What was at firſt admiration ripened into love. You, my friend, who poſſeſs that ineſtimable boon, an amiable, accompliſhed and beautiful wife, muſt be ſenſible how powerful are the tumults of love, when in purſuit of the object of your idolatry; diſpair and high expectation of ſucceſs alternately ſwell your boſom, and quicken your aſſiduity—But what inexpreſſible delights raviſh your ſoul when ſhe reciprocates your affection? Such was the ſtate of my mind, when after ſix weeks of painful anxiety, the charming Lucinda Stanmore, ſuffuſed with bluſhes, confeſſed ſhe loved me. I am unable to bring to your mind my emotions at that moment; but you who have experienced thoſe ſenſations are better capable of knowing what were thoſe I felt, than I to expreſs them. It was a foretaſte to the joys of the Celeſtial Paradiſe. I caught the beauteous maid within my arms, and hung over her with rapture.

She is the only child of Mr. John W. Stanmore, of ——— diſtrict, who poſſeſſes a moderate fortune, but accounted wealthy in that part of the country in which he lives. He is about 46 years of age—he was married to Miſs Amelia Padton, of poor, but honorable parentage, of the ſame diſtrict—About the cloſe of the American revolution, he entered the ſervice in the capacity of a common ſoldier, in which he conducted himſelf with bravery and fidelity. In the deſtructive progreſs of the Britiſh arms he was a conſiderable ſufferer, in loſing the greater part of his property. He lives at preſent reſpected by all who know him, and is an example of domeſtic happineſs. I have juſt given you the outlines of his character, but hope that you will be more fully acquainted with his many virtues, when you meet at the celebration of thoſe nuptials, to which I muſt ſincerely invite your attendance on the November next, when you will ſee your friend put in poſſeſſion of that object whom he eſteems ſo neceſſary to his felicity—you know my ſentiments with regard to the choice of a companion for life.

There is a material difference between her whom I would chooſe as an aſſociate for an evening, and one as a companion for life. The latter ſhould poſſeſs our eſteem, and there ſhould be a correſpondence of taſte and ſentiments, which conſtitutes the true baſis of love When the paſſion we call love, wears this complexion, it exalts the man into ſomething more than mortal, and excludes all ungenerous and ignoble ſentiments; but when an appeti-, it degrades humanity, and ſinks him into a brute—Yet how frequently do we perceive either ſex raſhly venturing into that ſtate, where, in my opinion, there is no negative point; judging only from external beauty, or from the glare of oppulence, without ſearching for the more ſubſtantial requiſites of congeniallity of diſpoſition, and a mind adorned with generous and correct ſentiments, calculated to diffuſe mutual delight, and to enſure the tranquility which is eſſential to preſerve domeſtic harmony: the ultimatum of human felicity, ſo rarely obtained. To this raſh and injudicious choice do I attribute the frequency of diſcontent with which the brows of families are clouded. Let merit, and a thorough acquaintance with each other, be the criterion of matrimonial connections, and we ſhall ſee mankind riſing ſuperior to misfortunes, the malice of enemies, and a thouſand caſualties, which at preſen are ſo often found to ruffle them; for in the boſoms of their families they would find that ſolace, which is only denied from abroad—we

have often admired together the beautiful ſpeech of Sir Thomas Moore to his friend in the choice of a wife, the concluſion of which is as follows:—"You will ſpend your days and nights with pleaſure in her company, and you will be always finding out new beauties in her mind—ſhe will keep your ſoul in perpetual ſerenity—ſhe will reſtrain its mirth from being diſſolue, and prevent its melancholy from becoming painful."

I would have my partner for life what I would wiſh my friend to be.—I would have her weep with me in diſtreſs, reprove me with mildneſs & ſincerity, miniſter the balm of comfort in ſickneſs, and and under the preſſure of calamity; in fine, I would have her what you are. Another requiſite I conceive to preſerve human felicity, is mediocrity of condition—You know, my friend, my ambition was high and aſpiring when we commenced our journey in life; my fortune was above mediocrity, but not ample: My expectations were great, but in an unlucky moment I was robbed of all I poſſeſſed, and my expectations were blaſted. Having reſolved on what is eſteemed the higher ſpecies of life; I formed a tolerable idea of the pleaſures and pains attendant upon it. Having likewiſe mixed in the humbler walk, I eſteem myſelf ſomewhat calculated to draw a compariſon; I therefore declare that which I now move in to me the moſt deſirable—Health, refinement of mind and manners, with a ſufficient competency to prevent poverty, enſure that happineſs and reſpect which are generally denied the wealthy.

Weak minds when exalted beyond the ſphere to which they have been accuſtomed, turn giddy at the height to which they are exalted—they think their ſuperiority is more eminently manifeſted, when they treat their former aſſociates with arrogance and ſcorn. This is likewiſe true in a great degree with thoſe who are inheritors of opulence, they conſider the reſt of mankind below the dignity of their ſtation, and act towards them with the moſt ſtudied contempt, or if they deign to aſſociate with them, it is not until they are made ſenſible of their inferiority. The ſplendour of equipage and retinue are the means by which they exact attention, but beneath their ſplendid domes, amidſt their ſumptuous entertainments, and the vain delights of ſenſual gratification, they lack real enjoyment, and the feaſt of reaſon, and the "flow of ſouls." is ſtill wanting to cauſe their cup of felicity to overflow.

It has been my moſt fervent prayer, that if it ſhould pleaſe the Great Diſpoſer of human affairs, to exalt me above that ſtate, which I ſo ſincerely admire, that I may be endued with ſo much humility as will enable me to continue in my preſent opinion, and to conſider all mankind as naturally my equals, and ſtill deſerving of my love where I find virtue, and of my deteſtation where I behold vice, wherever their lot may be caſt: And if I ſhould ever ſwerve from this ſtandard of propriety, to deprive me of that which has ſo changed my nature. You ſee how unreſervedly I unboſom my moſt ſecret ſentiments, for I attribute whatever is amiable to you; knowing the generoſity of your diſpoſition, which treats with contempt the "proud man's contumely," and relieves the virtuous wherever in need.

With ſentiments of affection,
I remain yours.
L. P. D.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

ON GARDENING.

No. III.

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NOVEMBER.

Much may be done in this month with regard to laying out and preparing for the enſuing ſeaſons—we ſhall point out what is to be done, firſt, in

Flora, or the Pleaſure Garden.

The flowers and plants in ſeaſon at this time are, the Aſters, Pancratiums, Tetragonias, Hebenſtretias, Helicteres or *Screw Tree*, Santolina, African Aloe, Tricoſanthis, Snap Dragon, Virginian myrtle Sumach, ſtriped Amaryllis, Chaſte tree, Ceanothus, great ſelago, Indian ſida, Canary bell flower, yellow cluſter flowered aloe, crimſon papilionaceous, geranium, long leaved phyllanthus, roella, rivina, candy chryſanthemum, Aethiopium calendula, purple African ſhrub mallow, polyanthus primroſe, French marygold, African marygold, Indian naſturtium, oriental perſicaria, myrtle leaved polygala, &c. &c. whereby we may perceive indulgent providence ſupplies us at all ſeaſons with beauties and harmonies innumerable; and although the froſt may ſoon cloſe the ground againſt the labours of the gardener, he may, nevertheleſs, employ himſelf in the milder parts of this month, in working upon the ground, and managing the more hardy plants; and when ſevere, in defending the tender with mats, ſtraw or other covering. You may ſtill continue to plant tulip, hyacinth, anemony, and ranunculous roots; and in order to prevent froſt from nipping them in the bud, it would be well to lay a good lining of freſh tanner's bark, horſe dung, leaves of trees, or dry ſtraw, around the outſides of the beds, as high as the upper parts of the ſurrounding frames. Tulips require but light covering; the others require at leaſt two inches depth, of covering with bark, which ought to be at leaſt two years old. You may yet continue planting the various kinds of bulbous, and tuberous flower roots, but the earlier you do it now, the better. Campanullas, or bell flowers, the hardy monk's-hood, paeonies, ſpeedwells, doronicum, and Tangier fumitory, may yet be ſafely planted; and when you omit tranſplanting perennial and biennial flower roots the preceding months, you muſt do it as early in this month as poſſible. The pots of your choice auriculas, polyanthuſes, carnation, and double primroſes, ſhould before the ſetting in of the hard froſts, be plunged to their rims cloſe together in a garden frame, and there defended by putting on ſuitable glaſſes, mats, &c. The double daiſies are to be treated in the ſame manner—the boxes in which you may have ſowed the ſeeds of bulbous rooted flowering plants, &c. ought to be plunged up to their edges in a raiſed bank of light

dry earth. Double ſtock, and wall flowers, ſhould be taken into the green houſe, or cloſe warm rooms, or elſe plunged in a dry, warm expoſure, ſurrounded with a deep garden frame. Now ſet the bulbs of early tulips, hyacinths, polyanthus, narciſſus, jonquils, dwarf perſian, iſis, &c. in bulb glaſſes filled with water; ſome may be placed in the hot houſe, for an early blow, and the others may be placed near the windows, renewing the water every time it turns greeniſh, and taking care not to ſuffer the water to freeze in the glaſſes, otherwiſe it would burſt them, beſides injuring the roots. It is now neceſſary to take up your tuberoſes, jacobeae lilies, ſcarlet amaryllis, and other very tender bulbs, which might ſuffer from froſt, and lay them in a warm room, in the courſe of eight or ten days diveſt them of their decayed foliages, roots, and fibres, and continue to ſpread them as before till they are well dried; after which pack them in ſmall boxes, with very dry ſaw duſt, chaff, &c. where they are to remain till time to ſet them out. All kinds of hardy trees and ſhrubs, eſpecially the deciduous kinds, may be planted in a dry ſoil any time this month. You may now prune your flowering ſhrubs, and plant hedges; you muſt now dreſs and rake your walks, borders and lawns, and place baſs mats, ſtakes, &c. around your hardieſt green houſe plants, ſuch as hydrangea hortenſis, prunus lauroceraſſus, china, and Otaheite roſes, which thus protected will ſtand the winter in open ground. Lay roſes and other ſhrubs for propagation, take off well rooted layers, and dig up ſuckers, which you may plant in nurſeries. It is now abſolutely neceſſary to remove into the hot and green houſes, the exotics which have been expoſed, where they are to have gentle waterings occaſionally.

Pomona, or the Fruit Garden.

Winter is no time for fruits ripening, therefore all we can expect now is the preparing for thoſe ſeaſons in which nature will aid us; we muſt therefore perſevere in the ſame manner as was directed under this head in the laſt month, continuing to prune apples, pears, plums, cherries, &c. and after gathering the laſt of the grapes, the vines ſhould be pruned, as it anſwers a double purpoſe; as it removes at once the greater quantity of their leaves and uſeleſs parts, and being done thus early, the fruit will have its full perfection the ſucceeding ſeaſon.

Chloris, or the Kitchen Garden.

This month requires attention to keep your winter ſpinach free from weeds, and for thinning the plants where they are too cloſe; by this method, the remaining ones will collect ſtrength, and be able to ſtand the ſeverity of the approaching ſeaſon. Corn ſalad and winter creſſes are to be treated in the ſame manner. If you neglected it laſt month, you may now dreſs your aſparagus beds. While the weather continues mild let your lettuces enjoy the free air every day, by taking the glaſſes off, early every morning; but be ſure and put them on again in the evenings. In wet and rainy days, they are to remain on. In the firſt week of this month, you ſhould plant into the farms, if you omitted it laſt month, ſuch lettuces as are deſigned to be wintered therein—this ought not to be delayed longer. Here they are to be protected from hard froſts by hoops and mats, or other covering; and by laying dry ſtraw over them. Small ſalading of every kind will now require to be ſown on a ſlight hot bed, under the protection of frames and glaſſes. Cabbage, and cauliflower plants ought to enjoy in mild weather, every advantage of free air, ſo as to inure them by degrees to bear the cold. Now is a good time to take up young cabbages, and broccoli, for winter and ſpring uſe; chuſe therefore a dry day to do it in, and after taking them up, turn their heads down, to drain off any water that may be encloſed in them; then make choice of a ridge of dry earth, in a well ſheltered warm ſituation, and plant them down to their heads therein, cloſe to one another, having previouſly taken off ſome of their looſe hanging leaves. Immediately erect over them a temporary ſhed, which will keep them perfectly free from wet:—The ſhed is to be left open at both ends, to admit a free current of air, in mild weather; but in damp, is to be cloſed with ſtraw. Some chooſe to plant them in well ventilated cellars; others make a trench in dry ground, but the firſt method is beſt.

Turnips, carrots. parſnips, beets, ſalſafy, &c. may be preſerved in winter by cutting off their tops, drying their roots awhile, and laying a ſtratum of the roots on a high dry expoſure, on which you have lain a quantity of dry ſand, two or three inches thick, and continue to lay alternately a ſtratum of ſand, and another of roots, till all are laid in, ſimilar to the ſtacking of ſweet potatoes; giving the whole a roof-like appearance all round; then cover this heap or ridge with a coat of ſand, then lay a good bunch of ſtraw, and ſecure them in the manner moſt agreeable, after, to prevent the froſt from hurting them. You may alſo preſerve ſcorzonera, Hamburgh parſley, ſkirrits, Jeruſalem artichokes, horſe radiſh, &c. in the ſame manner. Continue to blanch your celery, endive, and cardoons, and ſow the ſeeds of rhubarb, ſea kale, ſkirrets, Alexanders, Dill, Patience, dock; and finally, tranſplant cabbage and cauliflower plants—Plant mazagan, windſor, and long pod beans, and ſow a ſucceſſion crop of early peas; earth up your advancing crops of the cabbage tribe, cellery, and cardoons, ſow ſpinage, radiſh, lettuce, &c. in warm borders.

[*TO BE CONTINUED IN DECEMBER.*]

[The following interesting sketch of the Life of Baron De Besenval, is extracted from his Memoirs, not long since published at Paris, in three vols. 8vo.]

Pierre-Victor, Baron de Beſenval, was born at Soleure, of a patrician fami'y, originally from Savoy. His father was ſent by Louis XIV, to Charles VII, and Auguſtus, king of Poland. On his return from this miſ-

ſion he reſumed the career of arms, and died lieutenant general, and colonel of the Swiſs guards.

Mr. de Beſenval, his ſon, was enrolled in the regiment of guards when he was nine years of age; at thirteen he made the campaign of 1735; and cloſed that of 1748, in Bohemia, as aid-de-camp to the late Marſhal Broglio.

The war having broken out afreſh, Mr. de Benſenval was not long before he diſtinguiſhed himſelf: it was reſolved to ſtorm a redoubt; the moment was auſpicious for ſhowing his ardour and he reſolved to profit of it.

It was deemed highly important to carry this poſt; a great number of men had been ſacrificed in vain in an attempt to get poſſeſſion of it; at length the Commander in Chief reſolved that a new attack ſhould be made on it by a body of the choiceſt grenadiers: young Beſenval obtained permiſſion from his officers to go on this perilous expedition.

The bravery of the Swiſs is well known; notwithſtanding the heavy fire kept up on them them, they approached the redoubt, jumped into the foſſe, and ſought to climb up the parapet. In an inſtant Mr. de Beſenval ruſhed into the foremoſt rank at the head of the grenadiers; in ſpite of an inceſſant fire, he mounts the wall, exerting his utmoſt efforts to climb up it, and ſupporting himſelf with the greateſt difficulty on his hands, which the points of the rock cauſed to bleed copiouſly. All on a ſudden he turned round to the grenadiers, and exclaimed with a poignant gaiety: "By G—d comrades, this is not a pleaſant ſituation; were it not for the honor of being wounded, there would be no ſtanding." Theſe words were ſufficient to animate men who began to be diſcouraged; their ardour and perſeverance redoubled, and the redoubt was ſoon carried, though with a loſs of ſome of the braveſt fellows in the army. Mr. de Beſenval leaped the firſt on the ramparts.

We may imagine ſuch a conduct did not paſs unremarked, young Beſenval's exclamation was in every one's mouth. He was prai'ed, fought for by his comrades and promoted by his officers; whilſt the ſimplicity, frankneſs, and modeſty he manifeſted on hearing the eulogiums his conduct on this occaſion ſo juſtly deſerved, placed it in a ſtill more conſpicuous point of view.

During the peace Mr. de Beſenval whoſe name and place in the Swiſs guards both called him to court, formed an acquaintance with that prince who conceived for him the ſtrongeſt friendſhip.

This period procured for Mr. de Beſenval ſucceſſes of another kind. If he poſſeſſed every thing neceſſary to ſucceed in the camp by his bravery, his ſingular manner of animating every thing around him, charming his comrades by his ſallies, encouraging his inferiors by his example, pleaſing his officers by his underſtanding and alacrity; his poliſhed manners, the delicacy and ingenuity of his wit, and that good taſte ſo highly prized in courts, won all hearts, in a word, it was hardly poſſible to unite more advantages and gifts of nature.

Mr. de Beſenval's perſon was noble and commanding, his countenance full of charms in his youth, and of dignity in his old age.

He had great defects as well as great qualities. His character was violent to an extreme; he had in vain endea voured to conquer this fault in his youth, and the impoſſibility of ſucceeding in the attempt had determined him, he ſaid, to abandon himſelf to it without reſerve, as to fits impoſſible to calm, and of which he therefore preferred getting rid of quickly.

As ſoon as his paſſion was over, not the leaſt trace of reſentment remained in his mind, and it frequently happened that his anger and bluntneſs, ſuddenly changed towards the ſame object into careſſes and benefits.

The following trait will perhaps exhibit his character in a more ſtriking point of view, than any thing I can ſay of him.

He had an old man-ſervant of the name of Blanchard, who was preſent at his birth, and had been in his father's ſervice. Rather broken by age and infirmities, he was looked on in the houſe rather as an old friend than as an old domeſtic. He did not eat his meals in the kitchen, but in his own room, his employment was merely in ſuch details as might occupy without fatiguing, ſuch as watering a few flower-roots, cleaning rings and boxes. He was every day ſent out on ſome commiſſion, in order that he might take the neceſſary exerciſe for his health; in a word, he was a happy man, if eighty and happineſs can couple together.

We perceive in all theſe attentions the proofs of that ſingular bounty of Mr. de Beſenval, which made ample amends for his foibles. But poor Blanchard himſelf was not ſecure from the vivacities of a maſter whom he adored.

A day or two after Mr. de Beſenval had received from the Cape of Good-Hope, a very handſome jeſſamine, which he intended making a preſent to the Queen, he went out, entruſting the jeſſamine to the care of Blanchard, recommending him to water it well. The good man is now all occupied with the flower, but his attention does not preſerve it from a misfortune. The pot ſlides, falls and breaks; the ſtalk, flower and all is broken to pieces! Mr. de Beſenval comes in at the very moment, haſtens to his jeſſamine, and ſeeing the diſorder, falls into a paſſion which ſhortly changes into fury; the old man in attempting to fly is kept back and overwhelmed with reproaches.

The day paſſes over, and Mr. de Beſenval's fury ſtill faſter. He ſends ſeveral times to Blanchard's room to know how he is, and receives for anſwer that he is gone to bed, this makes him uneaſy, and torments him all night. In the morning he wrings his bell, Blanchard comes into his chamber and ſays to him: "Mr. le Baron, I come to beg a favor of you; pray permit me to retire and live with my relations."

"What," replies Mr. de Beſenval haſtily, "you wiſh to quit me! Remain here; we'll live and die together." —"No, Mr. le Baron, I feel that I become odious to you, I grow old too ſoon, and ſerve only by my flowneſs to excite the violence of your charac-

ter. You have loaded me with benefits and kindneſs; I ſhall ſee you from time to time; but not living in the houſe, having no office under you, we ſhall both of us avoid ſcenes which deſtroy our peace of mind."—"Well then," ſaid the Baron, with tears in his eyes, "it is then reſolved on? We muſt ſeparate? You were in my father's ſervice, your wife brought me up, you have been longer in the houſe than I, it is for me to go away; I'll come back when you can put up with my failings."—At theſe words, he takes his cane and hat, quits the chamber and attempts to go out. But the good Blanchard, affected with this unexpected trait, throws himſelf at his feet before the door. His maſter raiſes him up and preſſes him to his breaſt; both of them burſt into tears and ſwear never to quit each other.

Such was the character of Mr. de Beſenval. Let us now ſpeak of his mind.

It muſt be allowed that he was more brilliant than deep; that his genius was more natural than cultivated.

His keen and penetrating apprehenſion by frequently making him divine every thing, concealed his imperfect knowledge; and ſometimes perhaps led him aſtray by the facility he derived from it of ſpeaking frequently on what he was unacquainted with. He thought that a man of the world might eaſily do without inſtruction, and that his whole ſtudy ſhould be directed towards his profeſſion.

The defects attending this ſyſtem muſt be viſible to every reader of his Memoirs, which though written in a plain and unaffected ſtile diſplay marks of negligence.

The manner in which they are compoſed ſhews they are from the pen of a man who wrote exactly as one ſpeaks, and who continually makes uſe of phraſes adopted, it is true, in familiar converſation but which are incompatible with elegant compoſition.

Mr. de Beſenval followed the ſame ſteps with regard to the attachment he bore to the arts, which he adored without ſtudying or making any vaſt progreſs in; but the keenneſs of his diſcrimination, of which I have juſt ſpoken, combined with a ſingular good taſte, was of infinite advantage to him, both in the choice of a ſuperb cabinet he formed, and in the *avis motives* which he gave in the Academy of Painting, of which he was an honorary Member.

The artiſts whom he loved and protected, and by whom he was cheriſhed, both on account of his qualities and the ſervices he rendered them, were frequently ſurprized at his ſagacity when ſpeaking of their art; and I have frequently heard ſculptors, painters, and architects confeſs, that they were indebted for ideas and ſucceſſes to his enlightened councils.

Mr. de Beſenval abandoned himſelf by turns to war, arts and friendſhip. He had friends amongſt all claſſes, and enjoyed great conſideration. A large fortune, dignities and favor, compleated this brilliant exiſtence.

Amongſt ſo many qualities poſſeſſed by Mr. de Beſenval, there was one, if it can be ſtiled ſuch, which I wiſhed to name the laſt; I mean a happineſs which he conſtantly enjoyed.

Seeking perils, ardent in expoſing himſelf, he never received the ſlighteſt wound. No enterpriſe he undertook miſcarried. Snatched, as if by a miracle, from the hands of the populace in 1789, he underwent the horrors of a criminal proceſs, but his ſtar overcame the fury of a revolutionary committee which wiſhed for his death. He then returned to his friends, amongſt whom he terminated his career, of a ſlow but not painful diſorder; at a time when he had only to behold events calculated to render him wretched.

The memory of Baron de Beſenval will be honoured by ſociety, eſteemed by military men, and regretted by the arts. His family take a pride in him, and his friends deplore his loſs.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN

Is God's ſervant, the world's maſter, and his own man—his virtue is his buſineſs, his ſtudy his recreation; contentedneſs his reſt, and happineſs his reward: God is his father, the church is his mother, the ſaints his brethren; all that need him, his friends, and heaven his inheritence; religion his miſtreſs, loyalty and juſtice his two ladies of honour; devotion is his chaplain, chaſtity his chamberlain, ſobriety his butler, temperence his cook, hoſpitality his houſe keeper, providence his ſteward, charity his treaſurer, pity his miſtreſs of the houſe, and diſcretion his porter, to let in and out as is moſt fit. This is his whole family, made up of virtues, and he is the whole maſter of the family; he is neceſſitated to take the world in his way to heaven, but he walks through it as faſt as he can, and all his buſineſs by the way is to make himſelf and others happy.—Take him all in two words—he is a man and a chriſtian. C. M.

To the Editors of the Ladies' Port Folio.

Gentlemen,

Your readers are requeſted to favour me with anſwers to the following Queries, and oblige O.

Q. 1. Are ſouls traduced from parents to children, or pre-exiſtent, and created with the angels; and has one ſoul any ſuperior qualifications to another?

Q. 2. What mark did God ſet upon *Cain*; and whoſe daughter took her to wife in the land of *Nod?*

THE DYING SPEECH OF AN EPHEMERON ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER HYPANIS.

Cicero, in the firſt book of his Tuſculan Queſtions, finely expoſes the vain judgment, we are apt to form of the duration of human life, compared to eternity. In illuſtrating this argument, he quotes a paſſage of natural hiſtory from Ariſtotle, concerning a ſpecies of inſects on the banks of the river Hypanis, that never outlive the day, wherein they are born.

To purſue the thought of this elegant writer; let us ſuppoſe one of the moſt robuſt of theſe Hypanians, (ſo famed in hiſtory) was in a manner coeval with time itſelf; that he began to exiſt at the break of day; and that from the uncommon ſtrength of his conſtitution, he has been able to ſhew himſelf active in life through the num-

berleſs minutes of ten or twelve hours. Through ſo long a ſeries of ſeconds, he muſt have acquired vaſt wiſdom in his way, from obſervation and expe-rience. He looks upon his fellow-creatures, who died about noon, to be happily delivered from the many in-conveniencies of old age; and can per-haps recount to his great grandſon a ſurpriſing tradition of actions, before any records of their nation were ex-tant. The young ſwarm, who may be advanced one hour in life, approach his perſon with reſpect, and liſten to his improving diſcourſe. Every thing he ſays will ſeem wonderful to this ſhort-lived generation. The compaſs of a day will be eſteemed the whole duration of time; and the firſt dawn of light will, in their chronology, be ſtyled the great æra of their creation.

Let us now ſuppoſe this venerable inſect, this Neſtor of Hypanis ſhould, a little before his death, and about ſun-ſet, ſend for all his deſcendants, his friends and his acquaintance out of the deſire he may have to impart his laſt thoughts to admoniſh them with his departing breath. They meet, perhaps, under the ſpacious ſhelter of a muſhroom; and the dying ſage ad-dreſſed himſelf to them, after the fol-lowing manner.

Friends and fellow-citizens; I per-ceive the longeſt life muſt have an end: the period of mine is now at hand: neither do I repine at my fate, ſince my great age is become a burden; and there is nothing new, to me, under the ſun. The calamities and revolutions I have ſeen in my country; the mani-fold private misfortunes to which we are all liable; and the fatal diſeaſes in-cident to our race, have abundantly taught me this leſſon: that no happi-neſs can be ſecure nor laſting, which is placed in things that are out of our power. Great is the uncertainty of life! A whole brood of infants have periſhed in a moment by a keen blaſt: ſhoals of our ſtraggling youth have been ſwept into the waves, by an un-expected breeze: what waſteful delu-ges have we ſuffered from a ſudden ſhower? Our ſtrongeſt holds are not proof againſt a ſtorm of hail: and even a dark cloud makes the ſtouteſt hearts to quake.

I have lived in the firſt ages, and converſed with inſects of a larger ſize and ſtronger make, and I muſt add, of greater virtue, than any can boaſt of, in the preſent generation. I muſt conjure you to give yet farther credit to my lateſt words, when I aſſure you; that yonder ſun, which now appears weſtward beyond the water, and ſeems not to be far diſtant from the earth, in my remembrance ſtood in the middle of the ſky; and ſhot his beams directly down upon us. The world was much more enlightened in thoſe ages; and the air much warmer. Think it not dotage in me, if I affirm; that glori-ous being moves. I ſaw his firſt ſet-ting-out, in the eaſt; and I began my race of life near the time when he be-gan his immenſe career. He has for ſeveral ages advanced along the ſky with vaſt heat, and unparalleled bright-neſs; but now, by his declenſion, and a ſenſible decay, more eſpecially of late, in his vigour; I foreſee, that all nature muſt fail in a little time; and that the creation will lie buried in darkneſs, in leſs than a century of minutes.

Alas, my friends! how did I once flatter myſelf with the hopes of abid-ing here forever! How magnificent are the cells, which I hollowed out for my-ſelf! What confidence did I repoſe in the firmneſs and ſpring of my joints, and in the ſtrength of my pinions! But, I have lived long enough to na-ture, and even to glory: neither will any of you, whom I leave behind, have equal ſatisfaction in life in the dark, declining age, which I ſee is al-ready begun.

Thus far, (ſays the writer of the Freethinker) my unknown correſpon-dent purſues his fiction upon the thought of Cicero: neither will it ſeem extravagant to thoſe, who are unac-quainted with the manner of inſtruc-tion practiſed by the early teachers of mankind. Solomon ſends the ſlug-gard to the ant; and, after his exam-ple, we may ſend the ambitious or the covetous man, who ſeems to overlook the ſhortneſs and uncertainty of life, to the little animals upon the banks of the Hypanis: let him conſider their tranſitory ſtate, and be wiſe. We, like the Ephemeri, have but a day to live: the morning, the noon, and the evening of life, is the whole portion of our time: many periſh in the very dawn; and the man, out of a million, who lingers on to the evening twilight, is not accounted happy.

The right uſe of this reflection is, not to make men regardleſs of poſteri-ty, nor to ſlacken their diligence in the purſuit of any kind of knowledge, which becomes a reaſonable mind; nor yet to abate their induſtry, in endea-vouring, by honeſt means, to acquire a comfortable ſubſiſtence for them-ſelves and their children: on the con-trary, our very nature prompts us to action and contemplation; and the in-dolent, liſtleſs perſon, who delivers himſelf up to idleneſs, and whoſe whole time is a blank, grows tired of him-ſelf; and is every hour oppreſſed with his own lazineſs. What then are we to learn from our precarious, tranſito-ry condition? The moſt important precept of wiſdom; the great docu-ment of human prudence, which we ſhould perpetually inculcate to our-ſelves, from youth to age; and im-print it on our hearts, as the peculiar and laſting ſignature of ſound ſenſe: namely, that there is no conſideration in life, ſufficient to tempt a wiſe man to ſacrifice one truth, or one virtue, to the folly of avarice, or the madneſs of ambition.

This has been the ſettled judgment of the men moſt renowned for their underſtanding, in all ages: and, as it is finely expreſſed in the Wiſdom of Solomon; I cannot recommend it with greater energy and authority, than by giving it to the reader in his own words. "What hath pride profited us? Or what good have riches, with our vaunting, brought us? All thoſe things are paſſed away like a ſhadow, and as a poſt, that haſteth by; and as a ſhip, that paſſeth over the waves of the water, which, when it is gone by, the trace thereof cannot be found, neither the path-way of the keel in the waves: or as when a bird hath flown through the air, there is no token of her way to be found; but the light air being beaten with the ſtroke of her

wings, and parted with the violent noiſe and motion of them, is paſſed through; and therein afterwards no ſign, where ſhe went, is to be found: or like as when an arrow is ſhot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again; ſo that a man cannot know where it went through: even ſo we in like manner, as ſoon as we were born, began to draw to our end, and had no ſign of virtue to ſhew; but were conſumed in our wickedneſs."

A SCEPTIC IN RELIGION,

Is one that hangs in the balance with divers opinions, whereof no one has ſufficient influence to determine him. He is a man guiltier of credulity than he pretends to be; for it is out of the fullneſs of his belief that he believes nothing. Each religion frightens him from its contrary; but none perſuades him to itſelf—he would be wholly a chriſtian, but that he is partly a deiſt; and wholly a deiſt; but that he is partly a chriſtian, and a perfect atheiſt; but that he cannot account for a ſeries of *infinities*. He finds reaſon in all opinions, but truth in none: Indeed, the leaſt reaſon perplexes him, and the beſt will not ſatisfy him.

He finds doubts and ſcruples better than reſolves them; and is always too hard for himſelf. His learning is too much for his brain, and his judgment too little for his learning, and his overweening opinion of both ſpoils all.

He uſes occaſionally the religion of his country, becauſe it is next him; yet he ſees no reaſon why he may not take another; but he chuſes this, not as a better, but becauſe there is not a pin to chooſe. It was his miſchance to be a ſcholar, for it only confounds and perplexes him. He argues much in general upon the uncertainty of our opinions, and the poſſibility of erring deters him from ſearching for the truth. He is troubled with the opinion that particular religions are naturalized in different countries; that proteſtaniſm ſhould be born in England and Holland, and popery in Spain and Portugal; and the worſhip of Mahomet in Aſia. His principles and opinions are as unſteady as a weathercock, and are invariably governed, not by the ſtrongeſt, but the laſt arguments. Godwin, Paine, and De Volney, by turns, lead, or rather miſlead him; and as theſe redoubted champions of *immutable* truth, not only individually, but collectively differ in opinion from each other; he is, by turns a diſciple of the three. *He* has a ſmall portion of all religions, and you may ſooner pick out of him a part of many varieties than one whole. In fine his whole life is a queſtion, and his ſalvation is greater, which death only concludes, and then he is reſoved.

W. TOONE.

INFLUENCE OF THE FEMALE SEX ON THF ENJOYMENTS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

I ſhall aſk the indulgence of the fair ſex, while I make a few obſervations on the figure which the ladies are calculated to make in a matrimonial ſtate, and in ſocial life. It may afford them inſtruction, and I think can not fail of being agreeable.

Matrimony among ſavages, having no object, but thoſe of domeſtic convenience, and a ſpecies of ſlavery, is a very humbling ſtate for the female ſex: But delicate organization, quick ſenſibility, lively imagination, with ſweetneſs of temper, above all, qualified the fair for a more dignified ſociety with men, who are to be their companions and boſom friends. In the common courſe of education, young ladies are educated to make an agreeable figure, and to behave with external decency and propriety. Very little attention is paid to the improvement of the mind, and little doth it redound to the honor of the human race. Due cultivation of the female mind would add greatly to the happineſs of the gentlemen, and ſtill more to that of the ladies. Time imperceptibly glides off; and, when youth and beauty vaniſh, a fine lady, who never entertained a thought into which her admirer did not enter, ſurrenders herſelf now to peeviſhneſs and diſcontent. A lady, on the contrary who has merit, improved by virtuous and refined education, retains, in her decline, an influence over a gentleman more flattering than even that of beauty; ſhe is the delight of her friends, as formerly of her admirers. Admirable would be the effects of ſuch refined education; contributing no leſs to public good than to private happineſs, A gentleman, who at preſent muſt degrade himſelf into a fop or coxcomb, in order to pleaſe the ladies, would ſoon find that their favour could not be gained but by exerting every manly talent in public and private life; and the two ſexes, inſtead of corrupting each other, would be rivals in the race of virtue; and a mutual deſire of pleaſing would give ſmoothneſs to their behaviour, delicacy to their ſentiments, and tenderneſs to their paſſions. The union of a worthy man with a trifling, frivolous woman, can never, with all the advantages even of fortune, be made agreeable. *How* different the union of a virtuous pair, who have no aim but to make each other happy.

Cultivation of the female mind is of great importance, not, with reſpect to private nappineſs only, but reſpect to ſociety at large. The ladies haveit in their power to form the manners of the gentlemen, and they can render them virtuous and happy, or vicious and miſerable. What a glorious prize is here exhibited, to be contended for by the ſex.

E. N.

MARRIED

On the 25th inſt. by the Rev. Dr. Hollinſhead, John Walton, esq. to Miſs Elizabeth Wyly.

On the 23d, at Blackſwamp, by the Rev. Alexander Scott, Mr. Grimball Robert, of that place, to Miſs Eliza T. Cook, of Barnwell.

On the 30th inſt. by the Rev. Mr. Bowen, John S. Bee, eſq. to Miſs Charlotte A. Ladſon.

—

DIED

At Bob Savannah, on the 22d ult. Philip Givhan, eſq.

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

With strong sensations of delight and dread,
The flatt'ring paragraph, Eliza read—
Scarce dar'd she trust that that which seem'd so clear,
Would at a second glance not disappear.
Like those bright forms which oft by fancy's pow'r
Strike on our sight at midnight's awful hour.
When'er her timid hand the lines portray'd,
She but t' amuse the passing hour essay'd—
Scarce hop'd that ev'n fond friendship's partial eye,
Would in the mass, one little spark espy;
Which might, perchance, be waken'd to a flame,
Fann'd by the gentle breath of modest fame.
And are the effusions of an untaught pen
Perus'd, applauded too, and that by men,
Whose lib'ral souls, and elevated minds,
Fair science nurtures—sentiments refines?
Or has mere compliment impell'd the praise,
Profusely offer'd to those artless lays,
Which flow spontaneous from a guileless heart,
Too early call'd to play an arduous part,
On life's grand stage, ere reason has repress'd,
Or cool experince calm'd her throbbing breast,
Which glows with rapture, or with anguish smarts,
When warm'd by praise, or stung by satire's dart.

ELIZA.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

Maid of the azure eyes, what means this change?
Ah! why are they averted? Once those orbs
Beam'd with fond love, and tenderness unutterable.
Now on the earth, why bends their earnest gaze—
Is there ought there thy fixt regard to claim?
O, turn and view in mine, my soul's true love,
Nor scorn the heart in which you reign supreme:—
Perchance some rival wooes thee to his arms,
And thou, my fond aspiring hopes would'st crush.
Ah! then, at once, dear nymph, my doom pronounce,
Relieve the pangs which dire suspense inflicts,
Remove the anguish thou alone has caus'd,
Give me to taste love's purest, tenderest bliss,
Enchanc'd by pain, fond reconcilement's kiss.

IBID.

THE TEAR.

Say, do Love's anxious fears deceive?
Thine eyes, methinks, expressive seem,
Like Hesper in a dewy eve,
To shed a sweet, yet watry beam.

But why should e'er be dimm'd with grief
Those chaste inspires of delight,
Which oft have shone to give relief,
And sheer the fainting woe-worn sprite?

Yet weep, if from thy dove-like eyes
Those sainted tears for misery flow,
When fainting worth unaided sighs
Beneath the oppressive weight of woe:

Yes, weep, if friends the tribute claim,
O'erwhelm'd beneath affliction's wave,
Whose fragile virtue stoops to shame,
Who press a sad untimely grave.

Oft fancy points life's youthful morn,
Its fleeting joys, its transient pains;
The smile of vacant rapture born,
The frolic gambol o'er the plain.

And oft renews that blissful hour—
O, can it from the memory fade?
When love first, in the rural bower,
Our pure unconscious bosoms sway'd.

How did full tides of rapture swell?
How dear our joys, what words could paint?
How dear our griefs?—for love can quell,
With whispers soft, each sad complaint.

Oft then as pensive thoughts review
Those moments we can ne'er recall,
To feeling's guileless dictates true;
O'er scenes once lov'd a tear let fall.

For brighter than the diamond's blaze,
The fairest Indian mines disclose,
That tear shall shed its trembling rays,
Like dew-drops pendant from the rose.

J. J. PEAT.

THE DEFENCE OF VIRTUE.

Too plain dear youth, those tell-tale eyes,
My heart your own declare,
For heaven's sake let that suffice,
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost power to try,
Nor farther urge your sway,
Press not for what I must deny
For fear I should obey.

Could all your acts successful prove,
Would you the maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you!

Resolve not then to do an ill,
For fear perhaps you may,
But rather try your utmost skill
To save me than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend and not persue;
Sure 'tis a task for me too hard
To strive 'gainst love and you.

RETIREMENT TO THE COUNTRY.

Where yon woodbines fast entwine,
Where a streamlet murm'ring flows,
Let me ev'ry care resign,
Let my weary'd limbs repose.

There a cottage snug and neat
Stands to grace the rural scene,
Come Amanda let's retreat
Where the sweets of nature reign.

Let's in wedlock range the groves,
Drinking of the fragrant air,
Wreathing garlands in our loves,
Sweets inhaling free of care.

Near some brook we'd sit adown,
See the crystal waters play,
Hear the russet music round,
Roam the dewy morn away.

Thus enjoying, fond embracing,
Sweet Aurora's soft'ning charms,
Love inspiring, joy o'erruling,
Banish sorrows' fell alarms.

Day retreating, night advancing,
Ev'ry object lost to view,
Then Amanda, love entrancing,
Pleasant slumbers soft ensue.

INVITATION TO WORSHIP GOD.

Great Spirit, understanding's king,
Reason and truth must join to bring
Worship, which may presume to meet
Acceptance at thy only seat.
The lifted hand, the bending knee,
Is but vain homage, Lord, to thee:
In vain our lips the hymn prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy mandates heal?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?
A soul devout, a conscience clean,
And goodness in each social scene,
To thee a nobler off'ring yield,
Than Sheba's groves or Sharon's fields:
Than floods of oil, and floods of wine,
Ten thousand rolling to thy shrine:
Or than, if to thy altar led,
A first-born son, the victim, bled.
Kneel, kneel, ye tribes of human frame,
Kneel; and adore the Maker's name.
Let every clime the sun goes round,
In every tongue his glory sound.
The bestial clans, which round you gaze,
With dumb devotion act his praise;
Who gave you pow'rs to them unknown!
Speech is your wondrous boast alone.
In you there lives, what ne'er shall die,
A free-born, thinking energy;
Fashion'd and furnish'd to fulfil
Reason's high law, your father's will.
How long revolting, will ye rove
From hill to hill, from grove to grove?
And, mad with superstition, fear
Gods which can neither see nor hear.
O come, and seek your father's face,
His anger fear, his love embrace;
Who in the world beyond the grave,
Has pow'r to kill and pow'r to save.

THE STEERMAN'S SONG.

[*From Moore's Poems.*]

When freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly;
When lighter breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky;
'Longside the wheel unwearied still
I stand, and as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry
Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind close haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near;
I think 'tis thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails, and, sighing, say,
Thus, my boy! thus.

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up, the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
Our stately ship through waves and air.
Oh! then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring;
Some breeze may waft me, love, to thee!
And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy! so.

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